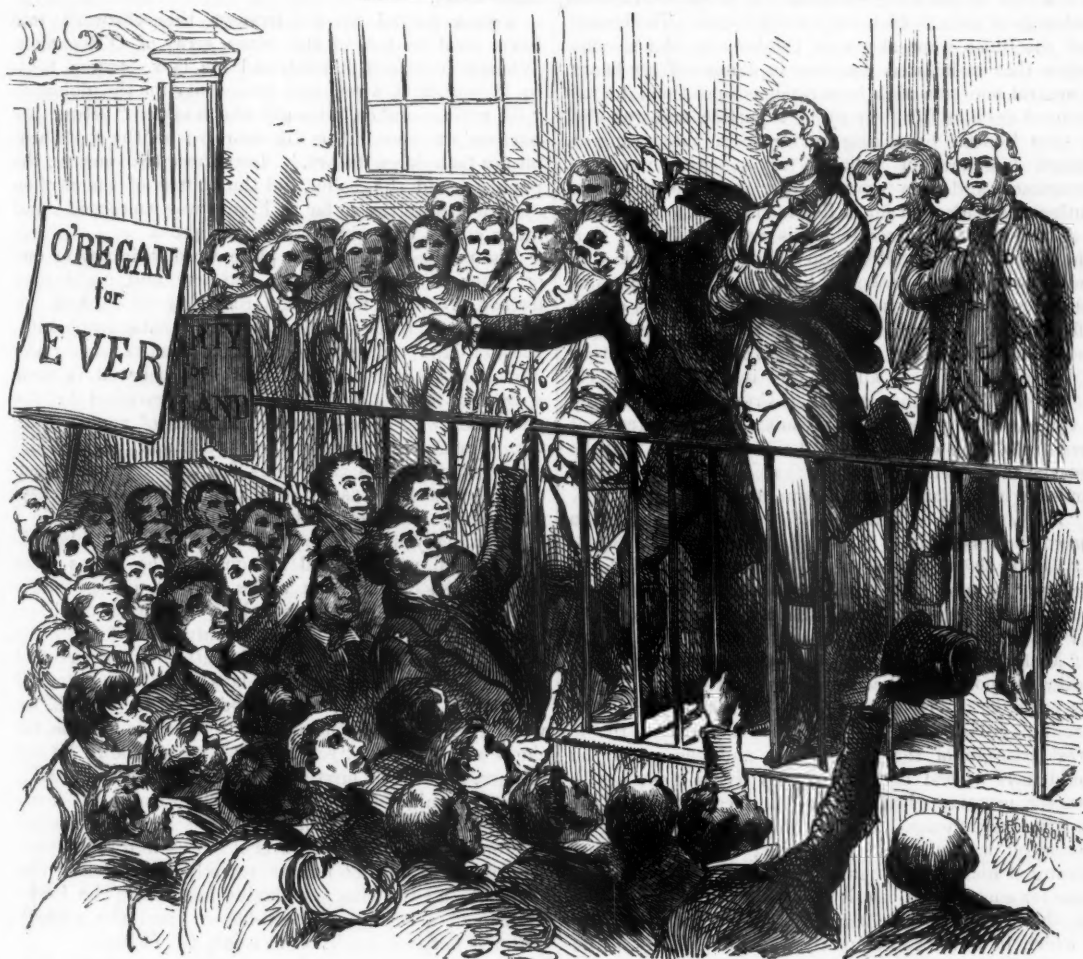


# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE NOMINATION IN THE COURT-HOUSE OF DOON.

## THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

CHAPTER XXV.—BEFORE THE NOMINATION.

For the entire week, ushered in by the aforesaid Sunday, the little town of Doon was in a ferment. The husbands of the good women who had so pitifully lamented the distractions of the period were quite as excited as they supposed—to such lengths that some of them never came home at all, but lay on tavern floors, and in deep doorways, and on committee-room tables, for snatches of sleep. Very few of them, it may be premised, had the least idea

of the meaning of the word "committee;" and, indeed, that body was a metropolitan improvement, scarcely appreciated by the aborigines whom Mr. O'Regan wished to represent.

The earliest act of the election drama, the nomination, was not to take place till Friday; but the foregoing section of the week was short enough for the needful preparations of both parties. Irish human nature (among the peasantry) delights in things combatant, more especially in a well-contested election. It is not too much to say that a stroke of real business, in the way of trade, was not done in Doon that week. Even the turf-boats

were lying idly high and dry in the mud, or swaying with equal idleness in the water when the tide was in, their owners being too much occupied with politics to lade them; and the worthy shopkeepers passed their time in gossiping at their own or neighbours' doors, or swelled the "tail" of either candidate.

Of course, there were sundry "ructions" (concise for insurrections) between the followers of captain and counsellor; shillelahs were flourished, and heads were broken in these preliminary skirmishes. The O'Regan colour was green, the Butler blue—symbols of nationality, and also of religious proclivities. The former badge was considerably the cheapest; for the leaves of the trees and herbs of the field furnished distinctive marks enough at the cost of plucking, whereas the latter required an exchange of coin to deck out its adherents. The Greens and the Blues went about in batches, for the sensible reason that an isolated man was in danger of his bones. A neutral man was nigh in as perilous a position; he was pounced upon as fair prey by both parties, and was glad to save himself by taking colour from the strongest, though instances of political tergiversation were not uncommon, and men would (under pressure) shout for Butler this hour, and for O'Regan the next.

A frequent transgressor in this way was Freney Furlong, the blacksmith. His violin made him a valuable ally; and before he could make up his own mind as to which side he would take in the contest, seeing he was drawn different ways by motives of equal potency, he was carried off one morning by a detachment of Blues, and forced to fiddle before them all the way into the town. No sooner was the die thus cast than Freney became a prey to the most lively fears for the result; and his instrument gave forth such doleful notes, half-involuntary, that he received more than one poke in the ribs from the zealous partisans immediately behind him, as a warning.

"Sure, amn't I doin' me best?" he retorted, sulkily, to one such admonition.

"Deed, then, you aren't. Play up 'The Widow's Pig,' or 'Laugh an' be Fat,' or somethin' wid life in it, you ould croppy, or maybe we'd make you ate the fiddle, eh?"

"Misther Bodkin himself is used to atin' more than praties an' pork, be all accounts," was Freney's thoughtless rejoinder, in return for which he instantly received a sounding cuff over the ears. He had alluded to the sorest passage of the bailiff's life, and one which he would have wished blotted from all living memories—even the occasion when he had been compelled to eat his own parchments. Mr. Bodkin had gone to serve a process on certain refractory parties; it was in the beginning of his career, when he was desirous of making a name for success and celerity as a humble officer of the law, therefore was, perchance, led into a fool-hardiness of which he never subsequently was guilty; and, as he jogged along unsuspectingly in a lonesome place, he was seized by a dozen stalwart peasants, and carried off, across a bog, to a deep fissure known (from a previous catastrophe) as the Gauger's Hole, half-full of black, dead water. With horror he heard that drowning was too good for him, and the merciful proposition mooted to build him up in a rick of turf, and so make a bonfire of "the prossy-sarver;" fervently he vowed never to set foot forth with a law-paper again, if he escaped this time. And so, when the proposal was made that he should "ate or swim," he even essayed a bite of the tough parchment.

"Twill be the death o' me; 'tis so mortal hard," said he.

"An' too aisy a death for you, you thief of a bum,"

said they; "but as we don't want to be above measure seavars on you, we'll bring you to the little cabin, an' boil the bill in the bog-wather, to soften it a bit."

And thus Mr. Bodkin saved his skin for that time, at the expense of being troubled with "an indigestion" ever afterwards, and a frequent rehearsal of the grinning circle and the dreadful meal in his dreams.

It may be imagined, therefore, how unsavoury Freney's allusion was to him; and the fiddler took particularly good care not to resent the push he got as punishment, considering himself fortunate to escape so lightly. Bodkin would have been harder on him had he dared; but at the time of his blistered hand the captain had given him no sympathy, and a significant hint to let the Furlongs alone.

Freney played up his liveliest thenceforward into town, until he beheld the dense array of O'Reganites. Whereat his spirit fainted, and his bow became fickle in its aim, with a renewed propensity for the dolorous. "Oh milia murther," thought the fiddler; "betune the boys an' the bum, I'll be kilt intirely; an' the roof burnt off my little forge before." Into these two powers, the populace and the bailiff, did the politics of the election resolve themselves, so far as Freney was concerned; and many others were similarly short-sighted.

The public-houses of the place were all in pay of one or other of the candidates; and day and night they frothed over with frieze-coats receiving all sorts of entertainment, and troubled with no subsequent bills. Election-laws were not so stringent then as since; the inhabitants of the contested borough believed it their appanage to be fed and otherwise nourished by the gentlemen who looked for the honour of representing them during the period of their probation. Hence did the accounts of the candidates frequently present such anomalous charges as—"To atin' an' dhrinkin' seventy-two vothers, eighteen pound ten an' tenpence."

Continually were the narrow streets vocal with ballad-singing—all political and personal. The tunes were few, the melody rude, the verses doggerel, and generally with a refrain which the popular voice could catch up and echo plentifully. What a saturnalia for all the boys! Mr. O'Doherty the Philomath made a virtue of necessity, and announced holidays on Monday to the half-dozen scholars that attended. As to himself, he would "serenade" about a little among his friends for the week. Which "serenading," be it known to all readers, meant not anything connected with strumming a guitar by night-time under the windows of a lady-love; but simply that the Philomath purposed paying a series of promiscuous visits, wherever it suited him to journey. His enemies said that he was secretly at work for "the O'Regan" all the time, employing his pen in the back-parlour of a certain shebeen-house; and the present writer is not in a condition to refute the charge.

The excitement was drawing to a climax the day before the nomination. It was not like a county election, where the field of battle was large, and the excitement widely diffused; where voters would have to be unearthed in the most distant parishes, and marched under proper escort—frequently sacerdotal—for miles and miles to the place of polling. But here the scene of action was limited—the excitement concentrated. Every individual vote was a prize worth fighting to the last for. The electors were conscious—such of them as retained any reflective powers by reason of continual "treating"—of a singular dignity and influence. They could talk tall, and balance rival claims. Mr. O'Regan's oily tongue went like the clapper of a mill; Captain Gerald did his persuasion chiefly by deputy.

Detachments of the frieze-coated did march in on the Thursday, numerous. One was headed by the Rev. Connor O'egan, his sombre face having a glow on it like smouldering iron. These were the non-electors, who could give their "voices" to the counsellor, though not their "votes."\* They lay out in all sorts of places that night; and seeming to regard sleep as a superfluity, they passed the time in singing and shouting, and practising episodes of battles among themselves, as if to keep their "hands in." A considerable division kept guard all night round the court-house, which was to be the centre of the morning's proceedings; and half-a-dozen prisoners within the black bossed door hard by had an uneasy time of it, so far as concerns slumber, during the hours of the mob-guard.

Likewise was it tantalizing to these prisoners, after daylight came, to hear the various evolutions in which they could take no part. There were most stimulating shoutings and groanings at intervals, and peals of horse-laughter, and the hiss, which concentrates so much venom, from a hundred throats. The click of the cavalry was heard as they trotted into the open space, and ranged themselves before the court-house; also the tramp of a body of fencibles. Still the mob about the door and on the steps held their position, and presently became obstreperous concerning the length of time that the building continued shut up.

"Throth an' ould Keefe is sleepin' mighty sound the mornin'," remarked one, signifying the keeper, who resided in underground apartments within.

"Why, then, if he's asleep through all this noise, he's a great hand at it entirely," was the rejoinder. "Suppose we rise a bit of a song to wake him?"

The prescription had been tried so frequently for the last twelve hours, that it might well be believed to have lost its efficacy.

"Knock at the doore, will ye? I'll get the rheumatiz from standin' on the cowl'd flags much longer," said a black-browed Hercules, with a smith's development of limb. This also had been done so often, to the length of dinting every several panel, that Mr. Keefe had become hardened to the consequences.

"Break the windies, maybe that 'ud bring him round," suggested a little red-haired tailor, who was looking under the elbow of the smith.

"Yer squeezing me, ye onconsiderate crathur," observed Hercules, looking patronizingly down on his little neighbour. "Maybe you'd like to get up on my shoulder for a while? Ye'd have a fine view of the red-coats."

"Long life to his honour the captain!" Instantly there was a dash of fifty bodies in the direction whence the alien cry proceeded, and the feint was successful in a measure: for just then the doors were flung open, and some of the Butler partisans attained their object of dashing in before the O'Reganites. A dozen fencibles, who had been stationed in a line within as a sort of breakwater, were instantly doubled up and flattened against the wall of the passage. Mr. Keefe himself was utterly swept away, and not heard of for some time, till he emerged near the platform, looking crushed and breathless. In a twinkling the torrent-crowd filled every crevice; even the dock had half-a-score occupiers, despite the spikes on its margin, and a couple of small boys clambered atop of the sheriff's box.

Part of the space had been boarded over, so as to make a platform convenient for the candidates and their immediate friends. Two shrunken galleries at the sides

were already filled with the captain's men, who had been admitted by a back entrance, in virtue of some connivance with the sub-sheriff. Great was the yelling of the O'Reganites when they had leisure to look about and recognise this fact, and find that they had been forestalled in the field so far. The grinning of the Blues over the balustrades was more than they could bear, and probably there would have been a guerilla warfare of missiles, had not the attention of all parties been diverted by music and shouting without the court-house.

It was the O'Regan procession, glorious with green flag, and boughs like Birnam Wood. Additional emphasis was afforded to the demonstration of the latter by the fact of their being evergreens, as the advanced season of the year precluded the use of others. The main feature of the march was the candidate counsellor himself, attired in a complete suit of peasant's frieze, and borne aloft in a rickety manner on a chair by his zealous partisans; and all his political fervour and faith in his supporters did not preclude an occasional heartfelt desire that he was trusting to his own feet for progression instead of to their arms. Before him waved the chief banner, and it was occasionally ducked back within an inconvenient nearness to his face, when its bearer shifted the pole, or forgot his burden in a yell. The device—in amber on grass-green—was Hibernia, in a bathing-dress, playing a harp; and already had she suffered some contusions in the cause, to the extent of sundry tatters in her scant raiment, which rendered her more in keeping with her sons round about.

When to the previous packing of the court-house was added the pressure of the procession, the result may be imagined. A mosaic of ragged heads paved round the platform. The flags and boughs remained outside, to rock and reel in charge of a large number of zealots who could not possibly get inside. Skirmishes continually took place on the debatable land of the staircases; which being a narrow frontier, persons were occasionally pitched over the banisters, without apparent detriment to anybody. Whenever the crowd inside yelled or groaned, the crowd outside took the key-note, and performed the same, ignorantly, by reason of the contagion. Once the surge of voices had a reflux, beginning from outside, which was when Captain Gerald Butler made his appearance, leaning on the arm of his proposer, Mr. Waddell, and attended by two or three gentlemen partisans. He scorned a procession or an escort too much to make use of either; and through the densest throng of Greens he passed quietly, wearing his blue cockade, while all men made way for him, only venturing to hoot when his back was turned. Reaching the platform with some exertion, owing to the dense throng, he answered the popular groaning with a courteous bow and removal of his hat, as he sat down to wait the performance of the preliminaries.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—AFTER THE NOMINATION.

A GREAT silence ensued when the sheriff made his way to the front of the platform, bearing his Majesty's writ, which reminded Mr. Bodkin unpleasantly of his own enforced dinner on one occasion, for he was observed to shut his eyes with a wince. There was great commotion thereafter, when that purplish and plethoric magistrate, Mr. Waddell, advanced to propose the Blue candidate. He was in a passion before five sentences were out of his lips, and could have pleaded guilty to a longing to spring down among all those yelling faces, and lay about him with the riding-whip in his hand; so that his speech was rather a failure. In vain the sheriff tried to procure him a hearing; the idea of clearing the

\* An Irish peasant-electors calls his two votes by the above names, his vote and his "vice."



court was received with peals of derision, as well it might be; nothing short of musketry could clear it. In vain Mr. O'Regan brought his persuasive powers into play: "He'll soon be done, boys, if ye'd only bring yerselves to hould yer tongues for three minutes," which was equally impossible.

After the seconding—a mere pantomime—he again stood up to procure a hearing for his rival, Captain Butler. They were a contrast. The slender, handsome young man,—gazing before him with a quiet, calm eye, his arms folded in a quiet, careless attitude,—and the plump, ugly, animated little demagogue, whose very soothing of the mob was after the manner of pouring oil upon blaze. Presently Captain Gerald, seeing that there was no likelihood of silence, began to speak in his usual effortless manner, addressing himself to those on the platform, and taking no notice whatever of the writhing mob beneath. He said as much as he desired to say, and tranquilly sat down.

The counsellor started to his feet. Was he to understand that Captain Butler had stigmatized his efforts to produce silence as a feint—a pretence?

"Something very like it," nonchalantly replied that officer, vouchsafing but a single glance at Mr. O'Regan; "and I don't eat my words."

"Then, sir, you know the next step among gentlemen!" Whereto the other bowed indifferently, as if it were a matter that very little concerned him.

Scarcely a stage "aside" was all this; and though plenty of magistrates were within earshot, not one used the powers vested in him to prevent the threatened breach of the peace. In fact, hostile meetings were considered the rule at elections; and it would be ungentlemanly and unneighbourly to do otherwise than wink at them and their awful consequences.

Mr. Waddell, sitting beside the Blue candidate, fidgeted and primed his pistols (in imagination) incessantly thenceforward. He heard but little of the proceedings: for, having hoarsely whispered the words, "I'll stand by you, Butler," and received a nod in return, which was his commission as "friend" for the occasion, his thoughts were wholly occupied with arranging how to fulfil his onerous position in the most dignified manner.

Yet Mr. O'Regan's speech was one not to be lightly glossed over in the record of the nomination. It was embroidered with rapturous applause. Therein he vowed to achieve the deliverance of his native land, despite all conceivable tyrants; and he reiterated his statement about the purely Milesian origin of the O'Regans; while the best feather in the cap of the Butlers was shown to be an alliance with a certain maiden of the sept, a couple of hundred years before, which gave them their solitary drop of Irish blood—and so on. Like the ranting of an aimless storm, the rhetoric all passed by Captain Gerald's ears without apparent heed. In his pride of birth and position, he despised the whole affair; and the popular hiss had no more power to annoy him than the popular applause would have had to elate him.

A forest of dirty hands was held up for O'Regan, a few clean ones, from the platform and galleries, for Captain Butler. Yet, somehow, the former did not feel that he had experienced much of a triumph. The impassibility of his rival was a perfect provocation; the counsellor began to add a personal animosity to the political. What if a lucky shot should decide the election in his favour?

Far and near, through the county and borough, spread the tidings of the expected "jewel" between the candi-

dates. The whole population were in the secret; they knew what "friend" had gone on behalf of the counsellor to the captain, and that "Fireball" Waddell was arranging matters for the last-named. Mr. Waddell had acquired this *sobriquet* from his readiness at hostilities of the kind; his father had bequeathed him a case of "tools," marked with the dates of half-a-score "affairs of honour," and the son had kept up the fighting reputation of the sire. It never seemed to enter anybody's head that duelling was only disguised murder; in the Ireland of that day it was a conventional arrangement intimately interwoven with the constitution of society. Every dispute between gentlemen was thus settled: from the judges on the bench down to the lowest attorney practising at sessions—from the lord lieutenant of a county down to the youths of the university—the climax of every difference was that fatal standing at ten paces, pistol in hand. A man was a coward if he refused a hostile meeting, no matter from what motives; and many a barrister is said to have shot himself into practice and position by his dexterity in duelling. What could be expected from the rest of the community, when those charged with the custody of the laws were the first to break or evade them?

It was in the haze of the November dawn that Captain Gerald alighted from his father's carriage, on the road by the field which had been selected for the meeting. His second had insisted on his driving in a closed vehicle, instead of coming to the ground on horseback, as was his own desire.

"Many a fellow loses his shot through the cold morning," observed Mr. Waddell. "With all the courage in the world, a fellow might shiver; and that's awkward when your finger's on the trigger—rather;" so he took the precaution of wrapping a cloak round "his man," and keeping up the glasses of the coach on the way.

Mr. O'Regan was already pacing up and down, arm-in-arm with his second, who left him on perceiving the new-comers, and joined Mr. Waddell with an affectation of hilarity which grated even upon that gentleman. The principals were left to saunter for a few minutes, having raised their respective hats in a distant salute; an action—as well as all other of their actions—watched breathlessly by some hundreds of spectators gathered on and behind all the fences and ditches within seeing distance. Presently the seconds paused at a particular level of the grass.

"A sweet spot for a stand," said Mr. O'Regan's friend. "Will you measure, Mr. Waddell?"

He courteously waived his privilege, and the other stepped the paces, fixing a stick at the extremities of the allotted distance. Narrowly was he watched by the connoisseur eye of Mr. Waddell nevertheless; who moved the mark of his man an inch or two, that it might be mathematically straight with the opposite one.

"These are old friends, major," said he, opening the case which had lain on the grass, and revealing an ancient-looking brace of pistols, having their stocks inlaid with sundry bits of brass bearing dates as aforesaid. The military man laughed and nodded, producing those which were to be used by Mr. O'Regan. Both brace were snapped in the air, and reloaded carefully.

"Av he had the silver bullet, now," muttered an aged man, bent on a stick in the corner of the field, "the silver bullet that never misses!"

Captain Gerald was holding some conference with his second. There was a difference of opinion, evinced by gesture; but at last Mr. Waddell, having placed "his man," spoke up, addressing the other second, though rather sulkily.



"Captain Butler is anxious to state, before this matter proceeds any further, that he has no personal quarrel with Mr. O'Regan; and—and—does not want to shoot him, in fact," said Mr. Waddell, whose rhetoric was limited.

"Are we to understand that Captain Butler retracts the offensive expressions made use of on the hustings?" asked the counsellor's second, drawing himself up very stiffly.

"What I said was the truth," averred Captain Gerald, taking the part of spokesman out of Mr. Waddell's mouth; "what I said was the truth, and cannot be retracted. Mr. O'Regan was only professing to get me a hearing, as I stated at the time."

"The affair must go on," said the counsellor's second, after speaking in a low tone to his principal, whose excited manner showed his anger. "My friend's honour is not satisfied."

Honour! under the name of this shadow what crimes have been perpetrated! Let us be thankful that we live in days when the false sense of honour has given place largely to the true.

The dull November sun, looking from the horizon redly along the level lands, threw the shadows of these men far upon the sparkling grass, as they stood—perchance a death in each pistol—waiting for the word.

#### RAILWAY RIDDLES, AND RAILWAY WRONGS.

HAVING had occasion now and then to look into the course of railway history in this country during the last five-and-thirty years, we have been startled from time to time—as who has not?—by sundry facts of a more curious than satisfactory kind, which it was most desirable to have explained, but which were unaccountably difficult of explanation. Numbers of schemes have been started, and their shares sold in the market, and, after absorbing vast sums of money, have never been anything but schemes existing on paper. Others, which opened their mouths wide in their infancy, and whose very first words were "twenty per cent.," have dwindled into insignificance, and would be nothing at all, but would starve outright, were it not that they have managed to fasten upon the vitals of some thriving neighbour, from whom they draw their scanty nourishment. Others, again, which began their career in lordly style, patronizing to the right and dictating laws to the left, and actually paid nine or ten per cent. in their first years, have been compelled to abate their proud swelling pretensions, and have shrunk to four, three, two per cent.—nay, have before now, with all their millions of floating capital, and tens of thousands of liberal salaries, found it indispensable to omit the ceremony of a dividend altogether. The terms of some of these riddles are set forth in the share lists every day, in which one sees the hundred pounds paid represented by a present value of eighty, seventy, sixty, fifty, forty pounds, and even less than that; so that in some instances the original fabricators of the lines have lost half, and more than half, of their investments;—but the solution of the mystery one has to find out for one's self.

Riddles of quite a different kind, too, perplex one now and then. How is it that Plunger, of the Northern Griddler, earns his six hundred a year, seeing that you never see him on the line, or doing aught but following his own pleasures elsewhere? How does Sarsnet, of the West and North Junction, whose salary is a neat two hundred a year, and whose bond for sixpence

nobody in his senses would have taken before he got his appointment—how does Sarsnet contrive to pay two hundred guineas a year for his house in St. John's Wood, to sport that handsome chariot and pair of bays, to keep a groom, a butler, a brace of tall footmen, and four serving-maids, and to give those *recherché* dinners which have won him quite a reputation in his semi-aristocratic neighbourhood? How does Brittle, of the South Swinger, whose income is but three hundred, manage to play such a rattling game upon the Stock Exchange, to dabble in every species of values in the market, and to maintain such a balance at his banker's as to be able to draw a cheque for thousands at any time?

All these riddles—and one might propound a good many more of the kind—we do not profess to be able to solve; but some of them, a little research, and the exercise of a little observation, have laid bare to us, and we shall give the reader the benefit of our experience, so far as the limits of the present paper will allow. At the present time, when new lines are clawing up London in all directions, and ramifying away from it at all points, there are two things which especially bewilder the public. The first is, that nobody feels himself secure from being ousted, with all his household goods, out of his cherished home, and driven forth to seek a home elsewhere; the apprehension, to many minds a most fearful one, has grown in some localities almost to a panic. While we write, the laundress is complaining below-stairs that a new line wants her drying-ground, and she has to turn out, nobody knows where; it was but yesterday that the family dressmaker sent to say she must suspend her labours for a time, because another line was about to pull her house down; and last week a note by post brought us an offer from an old friend of six dozen of the '20 vintage port (which he has hitherto been so loath to part with), on the ground that the City Borer line is coming sheer through his wine-cellar, and he must therefore get rid of it somehow. Our own experience is paralleled by that of others. Friend Brown sends to tell us not to call at The Rise any more, because, where his house stood last month, there is now a cutting, and he himself has cut to Tottenham. Jones writes to say that he is moving all his roots, and building a new conservatory on the west side of his villa, because the Extension line is running clean through his old garden. Tradesmen from the city are sending us circulars announcing their removal out of the way of junction viaducts, and trusting for the honour of our favours, etc., etc., in the new localities to which they have been driven; while a worthy minister complains that one of the new companies proposes to take possession of a part of his garden—another will be content with nothing less than his dwelling-house—and a third coolly lays claim to his chapel. Pleasant interludes these in a man's daily life; and we need not wonder that something like panic prevails in the neighbourhood of railways.

The second thing, bewildering especially to that portion of society which suffers in person and goods, is the question of compensation, the law of which just now seems to be in a rather doubtful state, and to be arbitrarily administered in favour, it is said, rather of the invaders than of the invaded victims. We must say something on both these subjects.

With regard to the first, simple people require to know what is the origin of all these new schemes, which are turning them out of their places of business in the city, and their comfortable homes in the suburb. Who wants them? who has ever made any demand for them?

and why are they allowed to crowd and crush themselves in everywhere, to everybody's disturbance and annoyance? Very plausible answers might be given to these queries, referring to Acts of Parliament, and Standing Orders, and railway boards, and committees under government sanction, which, taken in the whole, would cut a most imposing figure; but, in fact, these are but the complicated machinery through which railways wriggle themselves into existence, and are in no way calculated to render us the information we want. To get at this, we must go back a little in the history of English railways, and note through what peculiar phases they have travelled in arriving at their present unenviable predicaments. The first of our railways were designed and executed with the single, or at least the primary, object of securing for the public cheap and expeditious travelling: that was the object both of companies and shareholders, who of course expected to find, and did find, their account in it. Pursuing that object, with a due regard to profits and economy, the first companies, being limited to dividends of ten per cent., were enabled to pay that dividend in full, or nearly in full; and it was soon seen that railways were a capital investment, and the shares rose in value accordingly, the buyers rushing to the market to secure them. But the rise in railway shares, and their advent in the speculative markets of the city, soon gave rise to something else—it created, in fact, new races of money-makers. The hawks and sharpers of Capel Court (for such exist as well as honourable share-brokers) could not fail to see that the rising railways offered them a field to be reaped, broad as broad England itself; while the public, just then one universal pigeon, was clamouring eagerly to be plucked. The hawks on all sides bestirred themselves; they bought the requisite number of shares for qualification, and got themselves elected as directors or managers of existing companies; or, failing that, they conspired together, and got up new schemes, and glutted the market with shares. Their example was followed by others, and the wildest schemes, the merest bubbles, were blown into temporary popularity, only to collapse as soon as the stock in them had been sold, and the villanous conectors had realized their plunder. Contemporaneously with the bubble schemes, which were at length exposed and put down by the public prints, rose the more specious, and consequently far more mischievous, system of branch lines. The pretence for laying down a branch line was, that it would feed the trunk line, and thus increase the traffic—an expectation, if it was an expectation, which has hardly in a single instance been realized to a paying extent. The real motive of the promoters, however, in the majority of instances, was not to feed the trunk line, but to get a new railway into their hands, and new shares with which to go to market, and speculate and secure the lion's share of the profits. As a rule, the branch lines seldom paid; so far from assisting the trunk lines, they had to be supported by them, and drew their expenses from them. They continued to be made, however, long after it was plain that they would not pay, and they acquired the name of *calves*, from their draining the revenues of the main lines; and most burdensome does the maintenance of them prove.

By degrees there arose a new interest in the railway arena, an interest destined to play havoc with the funds of shareholders, wherever it was allowed free scope: this was that of the contractors. Originally, contractors were builders and engineers of moderate means, who were content to undertake a few miles of a railway at a time; but they reaped large profits, and in the course of years grew rich—so much so, that some, who were struggling

men in the outset, are now millionnaires. To the contractor, with his plant and rolling stock, worth perhaps a quarter of a million, and with hundreds of men looking to him for wages, the *making* of a railway is the ultimate object of his endeavours; he does not require to care whether the railway is wanted, or whether it will pay: he wants it, it will pay him—it will keep his immense rolling stock and his armies of navvies at work; and, so long as it does that, it will put a thousand pounds or two weekly into his pocket. Thus it was that contractors began to combine with landowners, lawyers, engineers, and parliamentary agents, in the getting up of new railways. They could offer the landowner, who had a seat in Parliament, and could help the bill through the House, several thousand pounds a mile for the passage of the railway through his land; they could offer the lawyers and agents the well-paid legal work; and they could offer the engineers like lucrative employment, or their ten guineas a day for waiting in committee-rooms, to give evidence when called upon. Lines of railway thus originated rapidly rose into being, and with the general demand for shares, and the undoubted convenience they afforded to the public, assumed the appearance of prosperity. But when it was found that this adroit scheme was successful, other speculators, lawyers, landowners, etc., crushed into the arena, and began to survey the map of Britain for themselves: the existing companies soon found hosts of rivals in the field, and it speedily became evident that new lines of any length would have to fight for existence in the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, against rival lines having the same claims. How fierce this species of warfare became, and how long it raged, it would take long to tell; and, indeed, the whole truth with regard to it could be told by no man. We know that a single company has paid, for ten years together, more than fifty thousand a year in parliamentary expenses,—which mean, chiefly, the cost of getting their bills through the House in the face of interested opponents.

Another dodge of the speculators and their confederates was the making of subordinate lines, branch lines or feeders, with the ostensible design—the design declared to shareholders—of working them as separate establishments, but with the real purpose of selling them, when completed, to existing companies. Such lines were formed so as to connect two or more existing lines together, so that it might be made to appear the interest of each one of the old main lines to become possessors of the new and subsidiary one. The companies snapped at the bait thus prepared, and recklessly outbid each other in their eagerness to be taken in, and were taken in accordingly—the promoters netting large sums by their speculation—the unfortunate buyers only securing an additional *calf* line, to assist in draining away their revenues. We might notice other wild schemes on the part of speculators hungering for the shareholders' money, which marked the early years of railway enterprise in this country, but want of space forbids us even to advert to them. Enough to say that, before the end of the year 1852, there had been fooled away, in vindictive contests in Parliament, in the construction of needless works, and in the prosecution of vain wild schemes, no less a sum than seventy millions sterling of the money which the people of England had confided to the discretion of railway governors and directors. Seventy millions! the sum is unimaginable in the mass, and one can only form an idea of it by some process of division which may present it piecemeal to the mind. If you would like to see what it means, you have only to imagine two hundred and fifty waggons, each one of them

loaded with something more than three tons weight of golden sovereigns—and there you have it. That is the sum which railway boards, by virtue of the despotic authority senselessly accorded them by the legislature, had diverted from the pockets of the shareholders into those of lawyers, engineers, jobbers, agents, and their own, before the year 1853. What is the amount which has gone the same way up to the present time, no man knows; whether it has been doubled or more than doubled since then, the reader may judge for himself.

Now, looking at these little scraps of railway history, selected from a large mass of facts of an analogous kind on record, we are in a condition to solve some few of the riddles which puzzled us at the outset. We know now who wants all the new railways above ground and below, with their extensions east, west, north, and south; and we know how it is they get them. It is not the London public which want the new London railways to come burrowing under their dwellings, arching over their streets, and blotting out their views—the Londoner dislikes the invasion with all his heart, and would forbid the intrusion of all of them, if he could. It is the contractor who wants them, for the sake of his contract; and the lawyer, landowner, engineer, and agent who want them, because they want to realize the golden visions which are ever floating before their imaginations in the field of railway speculation. And they get what they want, because by their organization, their wealth, and their influence in the house of legislature, they can obtain the sanction of law to their proceedings, and laugh the citizens' opposition to scorn.

People who have no property in railways sometimes congratulate themselves that they at least are no losers by the peculiar system of management that prevails. Herein they are mistaken. If the business of railways had been managed from the first with only ordinary prudence and economy, not only would the mass of shareholders have received the ten per cent., which is the utmost the law allows them upon their investments, but the charges of travelling by rail would by this time have diminished to about one-half of what they are now. The companies were bound to reduce their charges when their dividends should reach the maximum; and this maximum must have been reached again and again, to be followed each time by a reduction of fares, but for the folly and recklessness of directors.

We are not to conclude that, because the railway system is thus rotten and corrupt, railway makers, promoters, and directors, are necessarily a worse class than their neighbours; we must place their intrigues and manoeuvres to the account of the corporate conscience, which is proverbially unprincipled, and to the power their position affords them for furthering their individual interests. They are but what most men would become who should have the trust of unlimited funds and but a nominal accountability. All the above enormities have been exposed again and again: there is nothing novel in what we have said, and we cite the facts only in illustration of existing phenomena. Things are not so in other countries: one is amazed, while travelling in France or Germany, to find that railways with lower fares than ours, and not one-third the traffic, are paying better dividends than most of our shareholders receive; and the same thing is observable in America. The reason is, that these foreign lines are managed with strict economy, and their proprietaries are bound by law to the terms of their original contract, and they have not cast mountains of gold into the insatiable maw of lawyers and jobbers. A good proprietary law, which should put an end to all further speculations by existing

companies, would go far to place the English lines on the road to prosperity, since there is little doubt but that the increase of traffic consequent on the growth of the population and the spread of commerce, would in time render all the present lines remunerative—a desirable consummation which is indefinitely postponed under existing management. Another thing, even far more desirable, would be the abolition of all parliamentary interference whatever, and the leaving of railways, as other commercial speculations are left, to take care of themselves, under legal limits.

But it is time now to say a word on that other subject—at the present moment a specially sore one—of compensation. Compensation did wonderful things for railway promoters in the outset: it was the talismanic word, the *open sesame!* which removed in an instant difficulties otherwise insurmountable. We read of men getting as much as £8000 a mile for the passage of a line through their estates; of £120,000 being paid for land, the market value of which was £5000; and we know an instance of a man's buying an estate for £11,000 and then obtaining from a company £12,000 for allowing a line to run through it, which line, as the owner well knew, more than doubled the value of the property. Men were insane in those days on the subject of compensation: yearly tenants took thousands for moving out; market-gardeners got hundreds for a shed, or a fathom or two of fencing; one landowner had the face to demand £8000 for a patch of soil for which he eventually accepted £80; and other enormities of the kind, the bare list of which would fill a volume, were sanctioned every day. This method continued for some years: it was adopted to get rid of opposition, and smooth the way for the passage of the bill through Parliament. But it would appear that latterly the promoters of railways have changed their tactics; they no longer offer compensation beforehand to smooth the passage of their bills, but, strong in their legal brotherhoods and parliamentary backers, get their bills through the House first, and leave the compensations for after adjustment. The unsatisfactory results of this plan, so far as the persons supposed to be compensated are concerned, have been of late brought prominently forward in the public prints. "Sufferers" state their cases with painful prolixity, and adduce abundant evidence to show that they really do stand in need of protection from the encroachments and seizures of companies, who, backed by legislative sanction, seem to be acting on the system of appropriating any property they please, and paying just what they choose for it. There is the appearance of justice and fair-dealing, because all property taken for a railway is surveyed and valued by a professional surveyor, who awards the sum which the owner is to receive; but it is found, unfortunately, that the surveyor is in no case a properly qualified assessor—the reason being that he either is or hopes to be in the employment of the company, whom he dares not offend by asserting the interests of the owners. The oddest discoveries are made in this matter of valuation. Thus, property belonging to directors proves almost of fabulous value, while that appertaining to outsiders can be had at the current market-price; freeholds which a surveyor values at twenty-four years' purchase in a bargain between Brown and Jones, he will value at sixteen years' purchase when the buyer is not Jones, but a railway company with enormous patronage in its hands. It is true, that any victim who feels himself aggrieved may refuse the company's offer, and appeal to a jury to award him a fair price; but this is a most hazardous game to play: the company has the longest purse, and



will always incur any expense in litigation rather than suffer a defeat; so that it is more politic for the man of limited means to submit to injustice than go to law. Nay, we are informed by those who on this question of compensation have even beaten the companies in the law courts, that they only gained a loss by so doing; because, in order to meet the companies in the law courts with any chance of success, it was necessary to engage men of high standing in the profession, whose fees were heavy, and had to be ultimately paid by the plaintiff, who, even with a verdict for damages and costs in his favour, could not get them allowed for by the taxing-master.

At present, no feasible plan seems to have been devised for settling questions of compensation fairly and promptly without going to law.

### THE QUADRILATERAL.

THE Quadrilateral is the great stronghold of the Austrians in Italy. This famous quadrangular position is defended by the four fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, Legnago, and Verona.

Mantua is built on a small island, of about a hundred acres in extent, formed by the Mincio. Close to this island there is another of about the same extent. The two islands are completely encircled by the waters of the Mincio, and situated about half a mile from each bank of the river, which can be let in, in time of war, so as to entirely overflow the banks. Mantua can be entered only by crossing dykes, or passing along very narrow causeways, of which there are two on the left bank, and three on the right. These five passages are each defended by a bastioned fort. A broad canal intersects the city in its whole breadth. The canal is navigated by boats from the Po, by which the transit of merchandise is effected.

The city of Mantua contains about 30,000 inhabitants. It was the native place of the Latin poet Virgil; and here is the Piazza "Virgilianna," with the great cathedral of St. Andrea. Not far from the above-named piazza is the Ergastolo, where the Austrian government keeps all those criminals who are condemned to hard labour for life.

Two suburbs are connected with the city by fortified bridges. These suburbs are called the Borgo di Fortezza, and the Borgo di San Giorgio.

Of the defensive works which surround the fortress, the most important is Ceresa, where is a palace built after plans drawn by Giulio Romano. The emperor Napoleon I took possession of Mantua after more than a year of siege, by means of famine, in 1796. During its occupation by the French, the fort of Pietole was added to the other fortifications, to which there is a subterranean passage from the fort of Ceresa, nearly two miles in length. Mantua is considered to be the key of Italy, but on account of its geographical position rather than its means of defence. Marshal Serrurier remarked "that the difficulty is not to take Mantua, but to approach it."

Peschiera contains about 3000 inhabitants. Like Mantua, it is a small town situated on an island formed by the Mincio, at its outlet from the Lake of Garda. Peschiera commands the right bank of the river; its principal object is to defend the Lake of Garda, and the sluices which hold in reserve a current of water ready to submerge any works an enemy may construct, or to carry away the pontoon bridges he may throw over the Mincio. During the French republican war, the fortifications of Peschiera consisted of merely a pen-

tagon. Subsequently a mamelon, named La Mandetta, was raised on the left bank of the river. On it were constructed three lunettes, or forts, defended by a natural fosse on the right bank of the Mincio. A defensive work of considerable magnitude, called the Salvi, covers the immediate approaches of the river. The fortifications altogether may be capable of containing one division of troops. In 1848, Peschiera was carried by the Sardinian army, after a three weeks' siege. Nevertheless, it was Peschiera that checked the success of Charles Albert, because—through the armistice of the 5th of August, 1848, made by the Piedmontese general Salasco with Radetzki—half of the Parco was ceded to Austria, and the other half kept by Charles Albert, on the condition that, after the cessation of the armistice, the whole was to be given to Piedmont; which condition was treacherously broken on the 22nd of March, 1849. After the taking of Peschiera, in 1848, Charles Albert crossed the Mincio, intending to encamp temporarily on the heights of Rivoli; but soon becoming sensible of the danger of that isolated position, he did not venture further, and he again, though not without difficulty, fell back on the Mincio.

Legnago is situated on the Adige, at an equal distance from Mantua and Verona, and contains about 9000 inhabitants. Legnago and Peschiera are situated at two opposite points, and are of nearly equal importance; but Peschiera is more strongly fortified than Legnago, although the latter is a better strategical position. The town is of vast importance, on account of its two fortified "ponte" constructed on the Adige, which enable the garrison to manœuvre with facility on both banks. Moreover, it is from Legnago, and by Legnago, that the garrisons of Verona and Mantua can obtain supplies of troops and provisions.

Verona, which is divided into two parts by the Adige, contains about 60,000 inhabitants, besides the garrison. During the campaigns of the armies of the French Republic, Verona was only a fortress of secondary importance; but since 1848 it has undergone considerable military development, and the Austrian government has spared no expense to render it a fortress of the first rank. Formerly the side in the direction of Lombardy was almost without means of defence; all the strength of the place was concentrated in that part which faced the direction of Austria. But this fault has been remedied, and Verona is now equally well fortified at all points. The old walls have undergone repair, and bastions have been raised; casemates, half-moons, and *ouvrages à cornes* have been constructed; there are twenty forts, thirteen of which are external, on the plan of the fortifications of Paris; and these are mounted with thousands of guns. In short, nothing is wanting; Austrian gold and military skill have converted Verona into a most redoubtable stronghold.

Verona, Legnago, Peschiera, and Mantua all belonged to the Republic of Venice, until Napoleon I, by clandestine concert with some patrician Venetians, on the 27th of May, 1796, obtained possession of Venice and all the States belonging thereto, which were afterwards ceded entirely to Austria by the terms of the Treaty of Vienna.

In 1831 the Austrians took fright at the revolutionary movements in Piedmont, and soon turned their attention to strengthening the fortifications of the Venetian States, particularly of Verona, whose fortifications extended to the pass over the mountains which forms the road to the Italian Tyrol.

After the famous five days of Milan, in 1848, and the triumph of Manin in Venice, the revolution went through



THE QUADRANGLE OF AUSTRIAN FORTRESSES IN LOMBARDY.

all the Venetian States, and the Austrian army was obliged to take refuge in the above-mentioned fortresses, more especially at Verona and Mantua; but the generals of Charles Albert left open Le Bocca del fiume Lisonzo (mouth of the river Lisonzo), which runs between the Alps and the road to the Italian Tyrol. The Austrian troops, now increased to more than 30,000 men, entered by both ways. Charles Albert, who professed to sustain the Liberal party, had arrived at Somma Campagna, a village a few miles distant from Verona. The Austrians had turned against Vicenza, and here a great mistake was made; for the Liberals mistook the Austrians for the soldiers of the Piedmontese army. They soon, however, discovered their error, and a fierce but short battle ensued. The Liberals fought with the courage of desperate men, until, a reinforcement of Austrians arriving, they were defeated. So great had been the slaughter, that the bodies of the slain formed a way on which the retiring Austrians rode, making a level where, but for these ghastly adjuncts, the path was rugged and steep in the extreme.

Had it not been that the way for the Austrians was thus left open at the Bocca di Lisonzo and the Tyrol, if Charles Albert had not stopped at Somma with his twenty-five thousand men—for what reason no one can tell—Verona could easily have been taken, there being at that time only 6000 men in that fortress.

Thus was lost that which would have been the means of the entire unification of Northern Italy. Verona once gained, all the other States would have followed.

Austria then perceived the necessity of keeping these two roads open, as a means of help in case of an attack; and these roads make it doubly difficult to go against the Quadrilateral, the only available point being by crossing the Adige. This difficulty was perfectly understood by Napoleon III, when he came to aid Italy in 1859, declaring his intention of liberating Italy from the Alps to the sea, but abruptly finished the campaign by the peace of Villafranca, to which the true-hearted Victor Emanuel never willingly acceded.

### AMERICAN BEARS.

THE BLACK BEAR (*Ursus Americanus*).

It is of comparatively little importance to the English sportsman whether he studies the habits of the game he pursues or not. He takes his well-cleaned gun from the keeper, Don and Ponto are released from their kennels, and he steps on to the stubble, or saunters leisurely through the turnips, watching his well-broken pointers as they quarter their ground, and occasionally point the brown covies or the frightened hare. Little does it matter to him whether his bag is heavy or light;

if he has not killed much game he has at any rate gained health, and earned an appetite for the dinner which will, at the hour appointed, smoke before him, whether he has "held straight," or "made a mull of it."

The sportsman in a wild country, whose dinner depends upon his gun and skill as a hunter, and who has to kill his food, or go without anything to eat, soon finds out that it is essential he should learn all he can about the game he pursues—its food, its hours of feeding, its range, and how it is affected by a change of wind or weather. Educated in the wilderness, his eye sees the flap of the broad laurel-leaf-shaped deer's ear in the thick Upawn thicket, as the sleek doe twitches off some insect which is teasing her; or defines the real branching antlers of the reposing stag from amongst the gnarled and confusing branches of some old tree amongst which the cunning animal is couched; or he catches the sparkle of the dark soft eye amongst a wilderness of weeds, where the half-grown fawn is squatting, in hopes it may escape his practised glance. To him the tracks and "sign" and forest sounds are open books which he reads readily. This latter sportsman would be able to hold his own in an English preserve, although perhaps he might not care for such slaughter, accustomed only to kill enough to suffice for his necessities; whilst the former, transported from his little three-acre fields, would be as helpless as a child on the boundless plains and forests of the Far West, until he had had a little practice: for the game is larger, and some of the animals, if wounded, he would find to be dangerous antagonists.

At first, too, the Briton would move through the wilderness with some amount of timidity, afraid, as he stepped through a patch of wild sunflower weeds, of feeling the fangs of a rattlesnake penetrating through the leg of his boot, or of meeting face to face a panther or a bear; although he would soon learn, after being in the country a short time, that, except under very rare circumstances, these animals are never the aggressors.

As a beast of chase the Black Bear (*Ursus Americanus*) holds a high rank in American wild sports. A full-grown bear seldom exceeds five feet in length, or weighs over five hundred pounds; here and there one has been found to weigh six hundred. The black bear is an omnivorous feeder—fish, flesh, and fowl, eggs, caterpillars, larvæ, grubs, honey, roots, berries, nuts, corn, etc., all being devoured by it; though, when it has abundance of vegetable food, it prefers that to any other except honey. The head of the black bear is narrow, the nose sharp, and the ears pointed; the fur is straight and smooth, and of a glossy black, the hairs being long, and, at least in the Southern States, without any under coating of fur, as in many animals. The fur on the muzzle is short and velvety and cinnamon-coloured; the tail is not visible to the hunter when he is pursuing, or even when he has "treed" the bear. It is discovered, however, when he skins the animal—a flat broad excrescence, about two inches long, having very much the appearance of a dead sheep's curtailed tail in a butcher's shop.

In the Hudson Bay Company's territories, in Canada, and the Northern American States, Bruin hibernates, the male generally selecting some sheltered spot on the ground, under a fallen tree-top, or mound, or rock, just before a snow-storm, when the snow soon covers it, keeping it close and warm, the bear's breath serving to open a small orifice through which it obtains fresh air, though very often the hoar-frost, formed by its breath around the aperture, betrays it to the wandering Indian or white hunter. The female usually chooses some large hollow tree to pass the winter in.

Neither, however, "lay up" until they are in the

fattest condition, the fat nourishing them whilst in this dormant state. The bear, when it comes out in the spring, looks almost as plump as when it retired for the winter, though in a day or two its apparent good condition vanishes, and it becomes lean. In the Far South the bears only retire for a few days at a time during a "cold spell," reappearing as soon as the cold north wind ("northers" they are called) has blown itself out.

Sometimes, when a very early winter sets in in the Hudson's Bay territories and the Canadas, large numbers of lean bears, not fat enough to "house themselves," have been observed to emigrate into the American States; but this is of rare occurrence, though it has given rise to a false idea that the black bears abandon the north at the approach of winter; they only do so when not in proper condition to endure the long months of hibernation. The male bear is never seen in company with the female when she has very young cubs; possibly the mother is afraid the paternal authority might be exercised too sternly. It is more probable, however, as the bear is not naturally cruel, that the male exercises a fine discriminating taste, and avoids the rows of the nursery, and the too familiar gambols of the youthful bears, who in their careless play might offend his grave dignity.

It has been asserted that the female bear defends her cubs in all instances; and I do not remember to have seen any writer who has mentioned an exception. I have witnessed two cases in which this did not happen. I was shooting in the forest with Colonel Alston (the same mentioned in "Adventures in Texas," in "Leisure Hour," 1863, p. 60), when he perceived a bear cub picking some blackberries, which he at once shot. The crack of his rifle disturbed the old she-bear, who had been hidden behind another bush; and she, without paying any attention to her cub, who was moaning dismally, ran nearly over it in her hurry to escape, and buried herself in the forest without once turning her head. On another occasion I shot a cub, the mother and two other cubs not being in sight when I fired, though they were only concealed by a fallen tree; the old bear at once rushed away directly over the fallen cub, which she rolled over in her haste, leaving the other young ones to save themselves as best they could.

On the other hand, a friend of mine finding a young bear cub, as he supposed alone, endeavoured to secure it; its cries soon brought the she-bear to its rescue, and Gus M—— had a good run for it before he got clear away.

The speed of the bear in flight and in pursuit is quite different. Naturally a timid animal, even when wounded and pursuing the hunter, it frequently halts and sits up as though afraid of falling into a trap. When flying before a fierce pack of bear hounds, its great weight and muscle enable it to go through thick-growing saplings and cane-brakes, as though they were bull-rushes, and these, springing back again, foil the hounds: so that the bear can often run a mile or two without being much annoyed by the dogs; but should the bear happen to run into an open part of the forest, he is soon overtaken, and compelled, if a small bear, to take a tree; though sometimes a large bear disdains "to tree," and comes to bay with his back to some large tree or thicket, and in this position confronts his foes valiantly.

Bears wander far in search of food, according as the "mast" in different localities is abundant or not. In the south the rains are partial; sometimes several heavy showers follow some particular water-course, and where this happens the "mast" (nuts, berries, etc.) is abundant, whilst perhaps two other rivers, one thirty or forty miles to the east, and another the same distance to the west, have been suffering from drought the whole summer,



and in consequence have but short crops of wild fruit; and these river bottoms are forsaken by the bears and some other animals for the more favoured forest, where their instinct warns them of the plentiful food nature has supplied for them. When—as once in six or seven years happens—there has been a general drought, the bears visit the plantations, and do a great amount of injury to the planter's corn, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, etc.; and this brings down upon them the vengeance of the planter, who, as soon as he finds that they have made attacks upon his fields for two or three nights in succession, invites his neighbours, who bring with them all the mongrels, curs, and hounds they can muster, to a "big bar fight."

Long before sunrise, on the appointed morning, the hunters assemble armed with shot-guns or rifles, and surrounded by their motley pack of dogs—the great brindled mastiff, the black Cuban hound, and the speckled Virginian stag-hound. These great and useful dogs rarely quarrel, as they have an idea why they are collected together; but the little curs, "fyses," snarl and snap amongst themselves, to show their importance. When all are ready, the headlands of the field are first tried, to see where a bear has entered or left the field, and when once a tried bear-hound has discovered this, the rest of the pack are cheered on, the bear is roused from his den and compelled to climb a tree, where the hunters can get good steady shots at him, and he is soon killed. The hunters then return to the field to discover a fresh bear trail, and a similar hunt again occurs, several bears being killed from one field on the same morning.

Guns are often set when it has been discovered that a bear is in the habit of coming into the field by a particular path. An old musket is generally selected, and this is half filled with powder and slugs; a string is attached to the trigger and carried round a peg driven into the ground beyond the butt of the gun, and then brought forward about ten feet before the barrel of the musket, and so secured across the path that the bear must run against it and pull the trigger, thus shooting himself. The negroes often borrow a gun for this purpose from "massa," and if they succeed in killing "cuffee" there is great rejoicing amongst them, as they are very fond of "bar meat."

The scent and hearing of a bear are far keener than his sense of sight, and he is very rarely surprised by the "still hunter" in the woods; so that, to insure success, the bear-hunter must use dogs.

Pens are often built in the woods to catch wild hogs, and in these sometimes a bear is found; but these are mostly cubs, as an old bear, if entrapped, soon throws down the logs of his prison and escapes. When a pen is built purposely to catch a bear, large heavy logs are chosen, about eight or nine feet long; these rest on each other at right angles, forming a square inclosure, which is often carried up seven or eight feet high; across the top heavy trees are laid, and the side logs and the roof-trees are often bound with raw hide thongs: for the bear has immense strength, and when rendered desperate by finding himself entrapped, he uses all his great power to get free. The entrance to the pen is a swinging door, which only opens inwards; inside the pen are some ears of Indian corn scattered about, and outside, for a hundred yards or so, a train of sprinkled corn, which leads direct to the swinging wicket. The bear in his evening stroll comes across the corn scattered along, and picks it up gradually, till he reaches the gate, through which he sees the whole ears in tempting profusion; he is not alarmed, for he has often plundered the planters' corn-pens, which they are sometimes obliged to use when

they have overwhelming crops; so he pushes his snout against the yielding wicket and enters. The corn consumed, he looks round for the first time, and it gradually dawns upon his mind that he is in a trap; and then his whole force is put forth to tear down his prison bars, sometimes with success; but, if properly built, he will be held there till the trapper visits his property.

The black bear's love of honey is intense; he works unwearyingly to rob the stores of the wild bees, regardless of their stings, although the little insects punish the robber tremendously. As the bees generally have a very small hole by which they enter the cavity in the tree where their honey is stored, it often costs the bear several hours' work with his teeth and claws to enlarge the hole for the admission of his paw; sometimes this is not effected for a day or two.

The flesh of the black bear is much esteemed; it eats something like very tender beef and pork, some of it being dark in colour, and some of it white. On a camp-hunt, the paws roasted in the ashes, and the liver fried, are the chosen portions of the hunter.

#### THE GRIZZLY BEAR (*Ursus ferox*).

The Grizzly Bear has been seen as far north as 61° of latitude, and as far south as Mexico; its range is confined, on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, to their spurs and slopes, and the plains that skirt their bases. On the western side their range extends, wherever the ground is rocky and mountainous, to the Pacific.

To the northward and eastward of the Great Slave Lake there is a region called the Barren Lands, or Grounds, and here a large bear has been found, which was for a long time supposed to be a distinct species called the Barren-ground Bear; but this is now almost proved to be the grizzly bear.

The grizzly bear is twice as large and strong as the black bear, and as tenacious of life as an eel. There is no account, in the hundreds of "bear stories" told, of one ever having been killed outright by a single shot. The travellers Lewis and Clark record that one, after receiving five bullets through the lungs, and five other severe body wounds besides, swam a considerable distance to a sand-bar in the river, and lived for twenty minutes after its arrival there; another, which was shot through the heart, ran a couple of hundred yards; whilst a third, shot through the lungs, pursued a hunter more than half a mile.

The grizzly bear measures often nearly ten feet from the tip of its nose to the tip of its very short tail, and weighs from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds. The hair is abundant, long, and varying between grey and blackish brown. On the muzzle it is short and pale; the nose is long, narrow, and rather flat, and the canine teeth very large and strong. Its strength is so great that it overpowers and kills the largest bison bull, and then can convey the carcass to its place of concealment. Here, like many other animals, it digs a hole for the reception of its prey, until that is exhausted, when necessity compels it to renew the chase.

It is stated by close observers that the bears differ in ferocity, those on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains being more fierce, pugnacious, and more fond of animal food than those on the western slopes, where the climate is milder, and vegetable food in greater abundance. The females and cubs are said to hibernate, though the males are found abroad at all seasons.

In San Francisco, Sacramento, Benicia, and some other towns, cruel fights between grizzly bears and wild bulls were of frequent occurrence, ending usually in the discomfiture of the bull.

A hunter attached to an overland train from St. Louis to El Paso left his horse to try and stalk an antelope. When nearing his game he was surprised to see it spring away, although he felt convinced it had neither heard, seen, nor smelt him. A few minutes served to show him that a grizzly, or "old Ephraim," as he is called on the plains, had been trying to creep upon the antelope. They both caught a view of each other at the same moment; and the bear, feeling "done" out of his supper, advanced upon the hunter. It was no use running—his horse was half a mile off; so the hunter awaited the attack, though he knew that it was almost useless to expect his rifle to kill or disable the bear; he felt, as he expressed it, that his "chance was a slim one." A bright thought all at once occurred to him. He had on his shoulders a stout Mexican blanket with a slit in the middle of it, to be worn as a poncho; he waited till the bear rose on his feet for his spring, and threw his blanket over the bear. The head of the grizzly came through the slit, and the long ends encumbered his feet, whilst the blanket, woven closely to resist rain, proved too tough for even his powerful claws to tear easily; and, whilst "old Ephe" was working "tooth and toe nails," the hunter was "making tracks" to reach his horse. Having gained his saddle, the hunter returned, and fought the bear from his saddle till he killed him.

On the first settlement of California a Mexican came across a grizzly, and lassoed him, thinking he could choke him to death; he was disagreeably surprised to find the bear hauling in both himself and his horse by the lasso, hand over hand, as a sailor takes a pull at the haulyard (ha'yards), and he was glad to draw his knife and sever the connection.

The cubs, when young, are tree-climbers; later in life their claws unfit them for this; so that, if a hunter can gain a tree, he is safe.

A gigantic friend of mine—he stood nearly six feet seven inches high, and was stout in proportion—was an untiring hunter. When the gold fever broke out he caught the infection, and went to California; he made two competencies, and lost them by the fires which broke out in the early settlement of San Francisco. A third time he made 15,000 dollars, or, in English money, £3000. Determined to save this, he sold his stock of goods, and after remitting his "rocks" to a bank in New Orleans, and whilst waiting for a vessel to sail to Panama, he was persuaded to join a hunting party; and whilst on this hunt he wounded, and was awfully mangled by a grizzly bear. He came home to Texas, and married a young lady,—I was myself present at the wedding; in three months he was buried, never having recovered from the encounter. I should state here that his was a love match, and it was to enable him to marry that he had at first gone to California; and he married his wife to secure to her his property, though he thoroughly knew, and in fact told me previous to the ceremony, that he felt he was not destined to see the new year, then some four months distant.

It is rather extraordinary that the grizzly bear will not molest a sleeping man; the Indians, who are close observers, say that a man reclining upon the ground is "medicine to the Meeshek Musquaw."

The female has rarely more than three cubs, and there has been no instance where she has failed to defend them; the male, too, takes his full share of their mutual responsibility, and it is supposed that the female and male pair to a greater extent than amongst most other animals, behaving quite unlike a bear, in this respect at least.

Amongst all the Indian tribes, a successful encounter with a grizzly bear counts equal to that of killing a warrior on the war-path, a necklace of the claws forming an honourable badge quite equal to our Victoria Cross. At first I was surprised that even a victory over the common black bear was so much thought of, as with us we do not consider it much more than killing a deer. I account for it amongst them as being led by tradition: when they killed a bear with the simple bow and arrow, and without the aid of hounds, it was an exploit, whilst we use the latter and fire-arms. With the grizzly bear, whether it is an Indian or a Gordon Cumming, it is a victory to be written by the hunter in letters of gold.

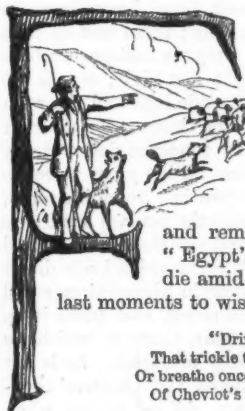
That the grizzly attacks any odds is proved by Dr. Richardson in the following narrative:—"A party of *voyageurs*, who had been employed all day in tracking a canoe up the Saskatchewan, had seated themselves in the twilight by a fire, and were busy in preparing their supper, when a large grizzly bear sprang over the canoe, that was tilted behind them, and, seizing one of the party by the shoulder, carried him off. The rest fled in terror, with the exception of an Indian, named Bourasso, who, grasping his gun, followed the bear as it was retreating leisurely with its prey. He called to his unfortunate comrade that he was afraid of hitting him if he fired at the bear; but the latter entreated him to fire at the bear without hesitation, as the bear was squeezing him to death. On this, he took a deliberate aim, and discharged his piece into the body of the bear, who instantly dropped its prey to pursue Bourasso. He escaped with difficulty, and the bear ultimately retreated to a thicket, where it was supposed to have died; but the curiosity of the party not being a match for their fears, the fact of its decease was not ascertained. The man who was rescued had his arm fractured, and was otherwise severely bitten, but finally recovered. I have seen Bourasso, and can add that the account which he gives is fully credited by the traders resident in that trading region, who are best qualified to judge of its truth from their knowledge of the parties."

A thousand bear-stories might be told, a hundred narrow escapes, and yet the history of the *Ursus ferus* remains to be told. Seen casually, always as an antagonist, amongst mountains and ravines, in an unsettled region, little is known except that it fights to the bitter end—no chance, so far, that it should ever be tamed, though it may be caught.

## CHEVY CHASE.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

### CHAPTER II.—PASTORAL.



FROM the past martial aspect of Chevy Chase, we pass to a consideration of its present pastoral character. From war we turn to peace; unlike the poet, who took his shepherd boy from

"Fair Cheviot's hills  
With velvet verdure spread,"

and removed him (in regimentals) to "Egypt's arid waste of sand," there to die amid the strife of battle, and in his last moments to wish that he could

"Drink of those sweet rills  
That trickle to the vales,  
Or breathe once more the balminess  
Of Cheviot's mountain gales."

It was the rub-a-dub of the drum that had led the shepherd boy to this. Before he heard it, he had quietly occupied himself in

"Tending of his fold,  
Nor thought there was in all the world  
A spot like Cheviot's wold."

Indeed, he had, as it were, feathered the shaft with which he was struck; for he had, in his character of

"A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills,  
Watched the sheep whose skin  
A cunning workman wrought, and gave  
The little drum its din."

And it was the sound of that hollow drum which led him to leave his bleating flock, and to learn that glory was, like its drum, nought "but a sound, and hollow."



ROBIN HESLOP (Sketched from Life by Cuthbert Bede).

Unlike the poet, then, we pass from the sheep's skin to the sheep, from the soldier to the shepherd; and here comes a venerable specimen of a shepherd, to prove to us that the air and exercise to be found upon the breezy wolds of the Cheviots are conducive to health and longevity. This is old Robin Heslop, a patriarchal Northumbrian shepherd, who is evidently very proud of his lint-white locks; for he combs them out to their extreme length, until they lie upon his shoulders, and, with their silvery halo, vainly endeavour to tone down the ruddy colouring of his jolly cheeks. You may say that he does not look much like a shepherd; for, instead of carrying the crook of peace, he bears the blunderbuss of war. But it is only with the rooks, or "the craws," as he calls them, that he wages strife; and his old-fashioned implement is merely intended to frighten, and not to kill. For old Robin has retired from the active duties of a shepherd's life, although he daily visits the scenes of his

life's occupation, and directs his son and successor in the mysteries of that profession which he has so dearly loved.

And how much is there in the shepherd's life and daily duties which a man may love! What, for example, can be more interesting and beautiful in its way, than to see the modern Chevy Chase, when a shepherd sallies out on those vast downs, and sends his intelligent dogs after a runaway flock of sheep? Here, indeed, is a theme for pastoral song, and a proceeding far more useful, and creditable, and picturesque than the miscellaneous hewing and carving of a score of Scots or a handful of Northumbrians. Here, indeed, is a subject for the painter, who, in the arrangement of his landscape and figures, could depict with fidelity scenes that would charm the eye, and would awaken no other thoughts than those which are the offspring of peace. It is a subject for poem and picture, for pen and pencil. Let us briefly sketch the leading outlines of this modern Chevy Chase.

The shepherd finds that out of his flock, which, in its full numbers, may be some two thousand strong, a hundred or two have wandered away. This they may readily do; for out on the Cheviots there are but few divisions to the sheep-pastures, save those natural ones which are made by the rivers and mountain streams. Well; the shepherd misses a certain number of his flock, and although he scans the wide landscape from the summit of the fell or scar, yet nowhere can he discern his runaways. To whom does he confide his woes but to his collies—his two faithful dogs—whose intelligence at once enables them to comprehend their master's wishes. He gives them his orders, and is answered by a bark of acquiescence, and a look from their beautiful eyes, which tell him that they fully understand his behests and their duties. With the sun gleaming on their soft, silky coats, with their bushy tails streaming out in the wind, and with their sharp noses picking out the scent, away they go, bounding down the hill-side, over the short springy turf, and along the green haughs by the river. The shepherd watches them till they become specks, and are lost in the distance, and then returns to the rest of his flock without fear or misgivings as to the result of the Chevy Chase. Nor is his confidence misapplied.

All the time that he is quietly pacing through his flock, numbering them, calling them by their names, and walking before them to the walled sheep-fold, in an Eastern manner that brings Scripture scenes and words to our minds with vivid power—all this time his two faithful dogs are hard at work, picking up the scent with unflinching sagacity, losing it now and then, where it has been crossed with other scents, or washed away in the shallow waters of a mountain stream, but finding it again in a marvellous manner, and bounding along as surely on the right course as though the missing flock was plainly visible. Now here, now there they turn, in places where the runaways have halted for a while and have spread out to graze before they pursued their onward flight. The collies separate and beat over this space, tracking its uttermost bounds, until they meet at that point where the flock, led by some lordly ram, marched down in single file to the banks of a straggling mountain stream that is scarcely a yard deep, but widens here and there to the dimensions of a river. The two dogs lay their heads together in earnest consultation. It is clear to them that their fugitives have taken to the water. After all, it is but a mere paddling across; and the bed of the stream is so full of scattered stones and larger boulders, that the sheep can well-nigh have passed over dry-foot. These fragmentary rocks, rising in every



kind of angle from the stream, and breaking the water into a thousand chafing courses, assist the dogs in tracing out the scent; and, dashing through the sparkling water, and disturbing the speckled trout that are basking in the sun on the clear bed of yellow sand, the collies have crossed the stream and are again upon the track.

Over the haugh, and up a glen that leads to one of the wildest fells, where there are beds of blooming heather, out of which the startled black-cock flies with a hoarse crow, his dark wings glittering with a metallic lustre in the bright sunbeams. The collies see the crimson moons of the black-cock flashing through the summer sky; and as a thick covey of grouse get up and fling themselves into swirling whirr down the glen, the dogs look at each other, and at the birds, as much as to say, "Here's a fine chance for us to have a little sporting on our own account!" It is very evident, from their puzzled look, that a sense of duty is struggling against their own inclinations; and, unfortunately, before they have time to decide in favour of duty, a mountain hare gets up under their very noses. This is too great a temptation for poor canine nature to withstand. With wild barks and yelps of delight, away bound the collies after poor puss. Sheep and shepherd are alike forgotten; duty and obedience are an empty name; the hare is irresistible, and the dogs abandon themselves to their unlawful sport. But the mountain hare has no idea of being ignobly run down by a couple of mere sheep-dogs, and flies to retreats which are inaccessible to animals of larger growth. Further on, up the fell, there is a huge pile of granite boulders glaring white from the dark purple of the hill-side. This rocky mass is fissured through and through with subterranean channels and passages well known to poor puss, who, bounding on to a tiny green ledge, where a heather spray has taken root, and, brushing it on one side, has forced herself into a little chink that opens into the secret chambers of the rock, and is lost to view. The two dogs come up furious and wild with excitement. In vain do they thrust their noses into the little chink, and tear away fiercely at the opening; the stern granite will not yield one grain or splinter to their angry endeavours, and all that they can do is to root up the heather spray, and scatter it to the winds of heaven. They race round and round the pile of boulders, scale their heights, and leap on all their ledges; but in vain: the hare is safe out of their reach; and, when the ardour of the chase has somewhat spent itself, the collies awake to repentance, and to the conviction that they have been playing truant themselves, instead of searching for the truants for whom they were sent in quest.

Then they bestir themselves vigorously to make up for their lost time; but their hare-hunting has caused them to wander wide of their mark, and so they are compelled to lose more time in endeavouring to pick up the scent again. This is not done very easily, and the two dogs separate, and work hard at their proper business. At length, a joyful bark from collie the first proclaims to collie the second that the scent is found; and then away go the two dogs, oblivious now of black-game and grouse, and not to be tempted by Mephistophelean mountain-hares. Hill succeeds to hill; those gigantic humps and mounds of turf that compose the Cheviot range, and make it—to apply the words of the poet of "The Excursion"—

"A tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops."

On go the collies; now over a hill shaggy with heather, and studded with shining boulders; now through rough bents and moss-hags, where the cana and

deer-grass flutter their white pennons to the lightest breeze; now over the soft cool moss, and the beds of wild thyme; now by a plantation of oak, or larch, or fir; now up the hill-side, through thick ferns and myrtle-like "blaberries;" now down the steep, sharp side of the hill, into a glen where the peat-stained stream runs red, and the emerald green of the grass marks the treacherous bog that would swallow up a horse and its rider, and over which not even the sheep could pass; now by a "stell," as it is called—a rude stone inclosure in which a flock may be housed in bad weather—where the congregation of scents is so perplexing that the collies' acuteness is sorely tried ere they can decide upon the track of their runaways. But they do find the track at last, and gallop forward with sharp intermittent barks that startle the "whaups," or curlews, and even cause the mild-eyed and milder-mannered kyloes to look up with an abstracted, ruminating air. And at length their unflinching sagacity is rewarded; and another half-hour's search brings them into the presence of the fugitive flock, who are placidly nibbling the forbidden fruit of some neighbouring farmer's pasture.

Then comes the hardest work of all for the two dogs—the getting the sheep home again. For this purpose collie the first takes the shepherd's place, and posts himself at a certain point, while collie the second gathers in the flock. Not without some difficulty, and much display of agility, and still more so of judgment, is this accomplished. The sheep are enjoying themselves, and do not care just yet to relinquish their stolen dainties. The collie's temper is sorely tried, but is partially relieved by grabs at the woolly flanks of some perverse outsider, or by a fierce combat with a butting, stamping ram. Meanwhile, the companion collie is maintaining a *grave sic eedebat* position, as becometh a shepherd; yet he, too, has a watchful eye for vagrants, and woe be to the simple-minded sheep who presumes upon his apparent immobility. A sudden rush, a tug at the fleeces, and the would-be wanderer is brought back to the flock, as well as to a sense of the collie's presence and power.

At length all the fugitives are collected into a well-compacted band, and the homeward route is commenced. The two dogs relieve each other, and while one keeps in the rear of the flock and urges them forward, the other gallops round and round, directing them in their course, and bringing stragglers to their senses. So they go on, slowly but surely, over hill and down dale, until, when the setting sun is shooting his last arrows over the Cheviot Hills, they regain their own sheep-fold, and deliver to their master the band of fugitives, from whom not one is missing. And so ends their Chevy Chase.

## RECENT AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.

### CHAPTER IV.

IN order to complete the account of the exploration of Central Africa, it remains for us to give an outline of Dr. Eduard Vogel's journey to the Eastern Soudan, and of the steamboat expedition up the rivers Niger and Bénoué, both of which were closely connected with Dr. Barth's travels.

Eduard Vogel, born in 1829, studied mathematics and natural philosophy in the University of Leipsic from 1848 to 1851, when he was appointed Assistant-Astronomer to Mr. Hind, in London. When, after Mr. Richardson's death, it appeared necessary to supply the loss of the expedition by another fellow-traveller, Mr. Vogel was proposed by the geographer Mr. A. Peterman,

supported by the Prussian Ambassador, Chevalier Bunsen, and selected by Lord John Russell. He left London in February, and arrived at Tripoli March 7th, 1853. He started thence, on the same route by which Dr. Barth afterwards returned, towards the end of June, 1853, and arrived at Kúkawa, January 13th, 1854. After having sent official reports, letters to Mr. Peterman and to his relatives in Germany, and fossil collections to Sir Roderick Murchison, he fell dangerously ill with the yellow fever, from which he recovered slowly, after having learnt the character of his disease from the yellow stains it left on his arms, and having made use of the proper remedies, particularly calomel and quinine. In the latter part of March, 1854, he was so far recovered as to be able to accompany the Sheik of Bornu on one of his slave-hunting razzias to Musgu. The booty of these conquering heroes consisted of 4000 slaves and 6000 head of cattle. The grown-up men who were made prisoners of war were killed with the same cruelty as in the razzias which Dr. Barth had witnessed; but, in consequence of the cold and wet weather, dysentery and small-pox broke out among the poor slaves; by far the majority died, and not fully 500 out of the 4000 were brought to Kúkawa. This razzia was carried out while Abderrahman, who had dethroned his brother Omar, was Sheik of Bornu.

Dr. Vogel, soon after his return to Kúkawa, started again in a south-western direction, hoping that he might meet Dr. Barth, and return together with him on board the steamer "Pleiad," due information having reached him of the despatch of that vessel to the river Niger. But the treacherous Sheik Abderrahman of Bornu had sent a messenger to one of his fellow-rulers, the Sultan of Mora, to induce him to have the unbeliever killed, suggesting that the traveller carried the great fortune of 100 dollars, although the fact was that Vogel had thought four dollars a sufficient capital for his intended journey. He was, however, taken prisoner, and kept in prison for several months. Having learnt that the Sultan of Mora intended to cause him to be beheaded, he effected his escape by the aid of the vizier, whom he had put under obligation by curing him of an inflammation of his eyes. Sheik Abderrahman having meanwhile been dethroned and imprisoned by his brother Omar, our traveller could in safety return to Kúkawa.

He started again, westward, in order to determine the situation of Zinder by astronomical observation. It was in this journey that he quite unexpectedly met his fellow-traveller, Barth, in a wood near Bundi. We have also stated that he set out for a new journey in a south-eastern direction on January 20th, 1855. He was accompanied by Corporal Macguire, one of the two attendants with whom the British Government had supplied him for the expedition; the other, Corporal Church, preferring to return with Dr. Barth to Europe.

All we know of this journey is contained in two letters, written in Kúkawa by Dr. Vogel, after his return in December, 1855. The one of these letters was directed to the traveller's father, and the other to Professor Ehrenberg, in Berlin, and both of them have been published. He went to Jaroba, the capital of Bantschi, and thence sixty-five miles in a north-western direction, to join the ruler of that country in his camp, where he was engaged in military operations against a pagan tribe.

After doing gallant service, which was duly acknowledged by the king of Bantschi, he fell dangerously ill, and returned first to Jaroba, where he found his attendant likewise laid up with disease. Thinking a change of climate indispensable, he travelled with him southwards, and crossed the river Bénoué at the same spot whence

the steamer of the expedition had returned. The health of the two travellers was soon recovered by their journey. Jaroba is a place of well-deserved bad repute for its unwholesomeness; although situated on a rock, it is surrounded by higher mountains, forming a basin; but besides, the place contains many pits and ditches to which the rain-water flows, and into which the corpses of dead slaves and all sorts of abominations are thrown. The exhalations of these pools would be quite intolerable, if vegetation did not cover them with a coat of plants and shrubs, which grow in thick crowds, on account of the insufficiency of the space.

Dr. Vogel thinks that the main branch of the river Bénoué arises in the Lake Tuburi, and that there is no water continuation between the river Bénoué and Lake Tsad or its tributaries, a range of sandstone mountains, stretching from north to south between the two systems. Since, however, he has not travelled along the whole range, and since a mountain pass could render the water communication practicable, at least during the highest level, which is reached after the rainy season, in August and September, his opinion cannot be taken as a final decision of the question; and it may still be open for a future explorer to find out the water road between the Atlantic Ocean and Lake Tsad by way of the rivers Niger, Bénoué, and one of the tributaries to the Lake.

In this southern journey, Dr. Vogel visited some cannibal tribes, shunned even by their neighbours. The most savage and numerous tribe is called Tangale, and inhabits a range of mountains on the upper part of the river Bénoué. It is, however, not true that they kill and eat their own countrymen, when falling sick. Our traveller bears witness, that there is no lack of the usual sullen and noisy lamentations, after the decease of relatives; he observed their burial ceremonies, which he describes explicitly. But they eat their enemies killed in warfare: the breast, as the best part, belonging to the sultan; the head, as the worst portion, being given to the women. The pagan tribes in the south of Jaroba worship an idol named Dodo, for which they build huts which no one dares to enter except during the harvest-season, when Dodo goes into the woods to dance there for seven days and seven nights. Then the men enter Dodo's huts—no woman being allowed to approach—in order to offer their sacrifices of killed fowls, beer, and their common meal-pap. Our traveller found it highly convenient to take his lodgings in these huts of Dodo, thinking them the safest places against any attempt of robbery, since all the natives kept at a respectful distance. There were many points of resemblance between the creed of these tribes and the superstitions of the negroes on the shores of the river Congo. Dr. Vogel, in this journey, succeeded in observing a rare animal, the Aju, which is a kind of whale, and the detailed account of which will be interesting for naturalists.

On January 1st, 1856, Dr. Vogel departed again for a new eastern journey: from that journey he never returned; nor is the news of his final fate which has reached us quite certain. His attendant, Corporal Macguire, wrote to the English consul, Herman: "I am sorry to send sad news. Dr. Vogel, who departed for Wadai, has fallen a victim to the fanaticism of the population. The details are related in various manners, and I cannot tell which is the most trustworthy account. Sultan Omar will write the particulars. None of Dr. Vogel's attendants returned, one being supposed to have been killed, and the two others to have been made slaves."

Sheik Omar wrote to the English consul in Murzuk, without, however, mentioning a word with regard to Dr. Vogel. A courier sent to Bornu brought the answer, that the traveller, after having reached Wara, was taken to the palace of the sultan and soon after beheaded, when he had refused to assume the Mohammedan creed.

Macguire, on his way home, was attacked by Tawárek, and killed after gallant resistance. He was the bearer of Vogel's diaries and collections to Europe, which thus have been lost, and have not yet been recovered.

Many efforts have been made to ascertain the particulars of Vogel's final fate. A German traveller, a Baron Reimans, wrote to Vogel's father on November 20th, 1857, from Alexandria, pledging himself that he would penetrate to Wadai, learn whether the traveller was alive or dead, and in the former case strain every nerve to open communication with him. But Baron Reimans fell ill, and died at Cairo, March 15th, 1858.

When, in 1858, Queen Victoria was at Berlin, Baron Humboldt interfered on behalf of the parents, praying that effective steps might be taken to ascertain the fate of the long missed, not yet entirely given up traveller. Consul Herman, in Tripoli, was ordered to send out messengers.

This public officer has spared no trouble to learn particulars about Dr. Vogel's fate. The last information he has obtained is laid down in a memorandum dated Tripoli, 18th February, 1863, containing the statement of a man who called himself Mohamed ben Suleiman, a late servant of poor Dr. Vogel. Colonel Herman sent this memorandum to Dr. Barth, who has published it in the *Geographical Journal* ("Zeitschrift für Allgemeine Erdkunde," Berlin, Maerz u. April, 1863). We will transcribe the most important part of this statement, which, as far as we can ascertain, has not yet been published in England:—

"On the fourteenth day after our arrival, the sultan sent for the doctor, and signified to him that he must 'instantly' leave his dominions. Accordingly, Dr. Vogel returned to his quarters and commenced making preparations for departure, when an attendant of the sultan arrived, and ordered us not to quit the house. Upon this the doctor determined to see the sultan, and was placing a revolver in his belt, which I dissuaded him from. We then proceeded to the sultan's presence, who gave orders to bring the doctor's three other servants before him. On their arrival, he said to the Hagig Kheigama, 'We must put this Christian to death;' which, however, Kheigama opposed. The sultan then gave orders to have all our hands tied behind us, when Dr. Vogel, twice transfixed by a lance, fell heavily to the ground with a deep groan, and his head was instantly struck off. His three servants shared the same fate. A similar fate was reserved for myself; but, having warded off three sabre cuts with my arm, which had become disengaged, and perceiving that I was still alive, the Hagig Ruhma implored the sultan to spare my life.

"The sultan then exclaimed, 'Let him be removed and sold as a slave.' After this, I remained some months at Wara, until my wounds had healed, when I was sold to a herdsman, who sent me to a place four days distant from Wara, to tend his herds and flocks. At the expiration of five months, I stole an ox or cow, upon which I made my escape. At the end of eight days, I abandoned the animal, lest its footmarks should track my course. After wandering some time in the desert, subsisting upon roots, I finally reached Bornu, where I have ever since resided."

## Varieties.

**SOURCES OF THE NILE.**—Captain Speke has not been allowed to receive the honours of discovering the source of the Nile without challenge. Dr. Charles Beke, a high authority on African geography, maintains that the fact of the Nile flowing out of Lake Nyanza no more proves the lake to be the source of the river than the fact of the Rhône issuing from the Lake of Gezeva indicates the true origin of that river. Dr. Beke reminds scientific men, that as long ago as 1849 he had pointed out the existence of two great lakes, and Captain Burton had also reported to the Royal Geographical Society that the Nyanza or Kilwa Lake is altogether distinct from the "Sea of Ujiji." From information gathered from the Church Missionaries at Mombas and from native traders, the true source of the Nile is supposed to be to the east of Lake Nyanza, next the Snowy Alps of Africa. Captains Speke and Grant had rendered it certain that the Nyanza joins the Nile, though they had not absolutely connected it with the river flowing past Gondokoro, there being two hundred miles of the river's course not followed by them. There is certainly room for further exploration before the discovery can be considered completed.

**GEOLOGY OF NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—The formation on which Mansfield stood, to which he had given the name of Permian, was of enormous importance. It was so because it overlaid that pabulum, the feeder of the industry of our country—the great coal deposit of England. The question also was, To what depth could they find coal beneath this Permian or magnesian limestone? He had denominated this group of rocks Permian, because, whilst travelling through Russia, he found in the region around Perm—a district as large as France—the very deposit continued of which the magnesian limestone of Mansfield was the centre. That limestone rock contained the same organic remains in Russia that it did here, only in Russia it was disseminated in very small bands, and was surmounted as well as underlaid by great masses of red sandstone. The new red sandstone of Sherwood Forest, which continues from Newstead Abbey to the east of Mansfield, overlies this Permian group. By miners geologists were at one time called "theorists." He had, however, been a geologist for nearly forty years, and he could state this as his experience—ever since he had known anything of the magnesian limestone—that, wherever it existed in the east of England, you would invariably find beneath it masses of coal. He would, therefore, venture to predict, without the slightest hesitation, that (though it might not take place until years after his death) there would be found enormous supplies of coal under the very ground on which they were sitting.—*Sir Roderick Murchison, at Mechanics' Institute, Mansfield.*

**THACKERAY IN AMERICA (1853).**—I looked forward to a dull, wiry journey, and laid in a stock of newspapers to while away time; but, in the gentlemen's cabin of the ferry-boat, whom should I see but Thackeray! We greeted each other cordially. He was on his way to Philadelphia, to deliver a course of lectures. We took seats beside each other in the cars, and the morning passed off delightfully. He seems still to enjoy his visit to the United States exceedingly, and enters into our social life with great relish. He had made a pleasant visit to Boston; seen much of Prescott (whom he speaks highly of), Ticknor, Longfellow, etc. Said the Bostonians had published a *smashing* criticism on him; which, however, does not seem to have ruffled his temper, as I understand he cut it out of the newspaper, and inclosed it in a letter to a female friend in New York.—*Life of Washington Irving.*

**SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.**—"It must be allowed that this view is very prosaic and unsatisfactory, 'neither the one thing nor the other.' We cannot help it, and may as well confess a doubt, whether the being the one thing or the other is a merit in an opinion."—*Times Newspaper, Leading Article.*

**DANISH PRAYER FOR THE TIME OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.**—O Lord Jesu Christ, our Redeemer, honour and praise be always given unto Thee for feeding our souls with this spiritual and heavenly food. And we beseech Thee for Thy tender mercy, that as Thou hast given it to us for a sacrament of continual thankfulness, of daily remembrance, and of charitable unity; even so, most merciful Saviour, lend us always Thy grace to be thankful unto Thee for it, and not only by it to be continually mindful of our redemption, purchased through Thy death and blood-shedding, but also in consideration thereof to increase in love toward Thee, and all mankind for Thy sake.—*The Order of the Church in Denmark.*





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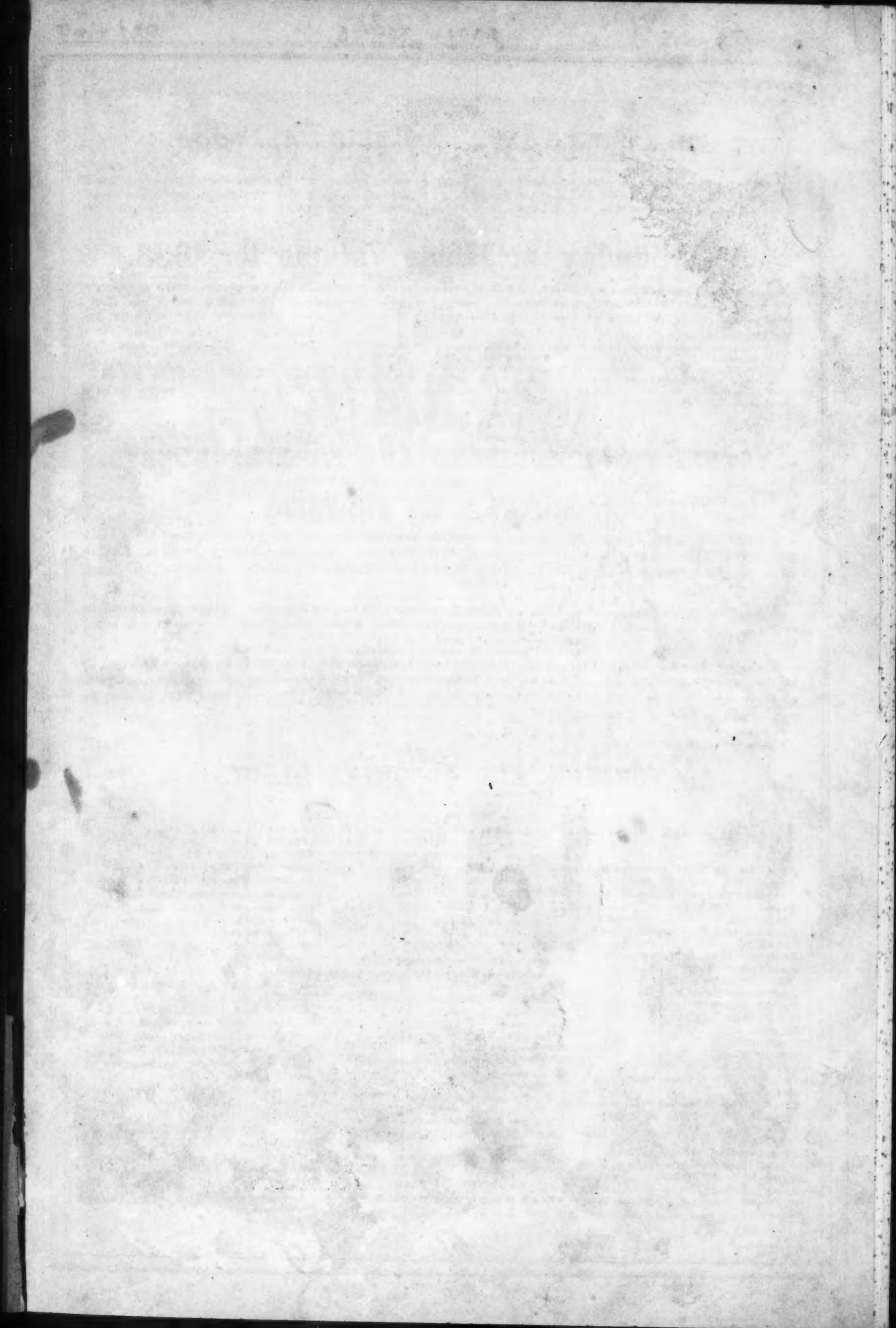
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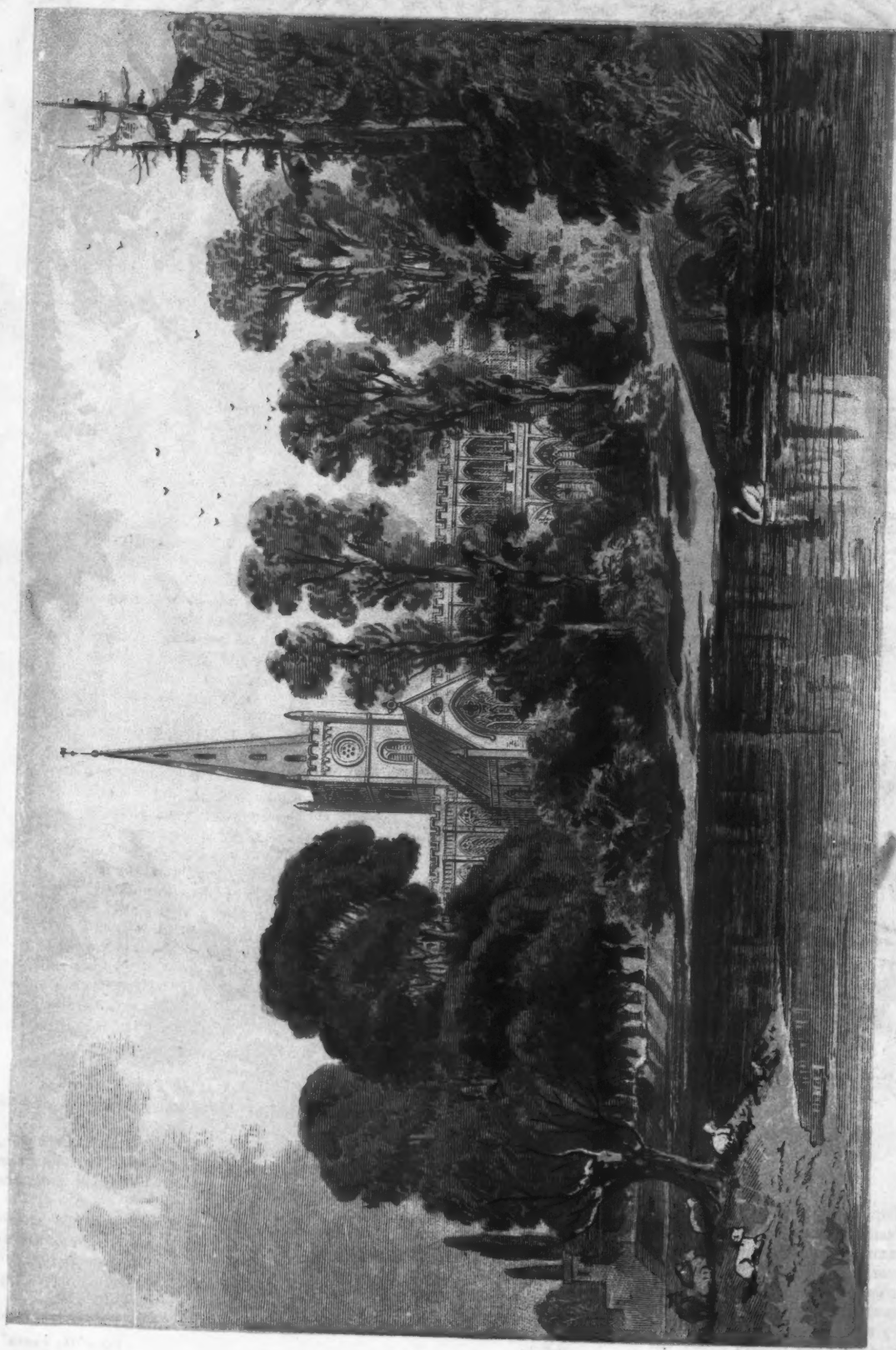












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